The Evening World Daily Magazine

Bomb Makers' Text Book In Hands of N. Y. Reds

Was Discovered by Inspector Tunney When He Caught Cathedral Bombers

Sixty Page Pamphlet Tells Aspiring Anarchists What Not to Do as Well as What to Do—Gives Rules for Making Bombs and Warns Bomb Makers to "Have Plenty of Money" Before Going Ahead.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

NEW YORK military and police authorities are hurrying preparations to protect the city against the new "Bombing Day"—presumably July 4—which has been set by Anarchists as a part of their programme of revolution and terrorization, according to a warning from the Department of Justice. But how many New Yorkers know that as long ago as 1914 there was—and there probably still is—a text-book on bomb making circulated among the Reds of this city?

A most interesting description of its contents and the story of how it was put on file at Police Headquarters is given in "Throttled!" by Inspector Thomas J. Tunney, head of the Police Department's bomb squad, whose vivid and complete account of the department's successful struggles with German and Anarchist plotters during the war has just been published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston.

One of the most absorbing chapters in "Throttled!" deals with the fight against the Anarchists in the fall and winter of 1914-15, when a bomb was exploded at the door of the Bronx County Courthouse, and two attempts were made to blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral. That the second of these was completely frustrated and the plotters placed under arrest was due to the cleverness of Inspector Tunney and one of his assistants, a young Italian detective named Polignani. The latter, following the Inspector's orders, played the role of Anarchist so successfully that he won the confidence of the Brescia Circle, named in honor of the man who murdered King Humbert the Good of Italy.

Thus when two of the members of the circle, Carbone and Abarno, made bombs and placed one in St. Patrick's Cathedral, early in March, 1914, they were arrested at once by detectives disguised as scrub women and ushers and the fuse of the bomb was pinched out before it could do damage.

It was these two Anarchists who lent to Polignani the text-book on bomb-making. He had to return it, of course, or arouse suspicion of himself, but he managed to carry it to Police Headquarters where every page was photographed.

"It was a pamphlet of some sixty pages," Inspector Tunney tells us in "Throttled!", "measuring about four by eight inches, and cleanly printed in Italian. It was nothing less than a text-book on how to go about making bombs—a sort of guide to Anarchist etiquette. It would be unwise to reproduce its instructions in detail, as they were too accurate for the general peace, but the index will give a conception of the thoroughness with which the anonymous writers in far-off Italy covered their subject."

And these are some of the chapter headings in the index: "First Principles, Instruments, Manipulation, Explosive Material, Powder, Nitroglycerine, Dynamite, Fulminate of Mercury, Gun Cotton, Preparation of Fuses, Capsule and Petard, Application of Explosive Materials, Bombs, Incendiary Materials.

"Yes, it was accurate—and very practical," is the grim comment of Inspector Tunney. "To quote from its advice to struggling Anarchists:

" 'We recommend most earnestly that if you wish to engage in this line of work you procure, before all else, a sufficient amount of money, otherwise you risk being put out in the middle of the street, only to find your long work and trouble all in vain. We recommend at the same time that you do not omit any precaution necessary to avoid attracting the attention of the police, and avoid mixing with the public, nor be seen with known companions. And do not work at it in the house except when necessary.

" 'The work should be done in a well-ventilated room provided with a good chimney place and furnished in such a way that you can hide things if any one enters; and this room ought to be on the top floor of the house on account of the odors that are always being produced.

" 'Above all, we recommend that you never make explosives for the mere pleasure of making them. All you do beyond enough is useless and stupid, especially so when you have neither the practice nor the proper means for making them. As to the place to keep dynamite, why make it until it is needed? Take heed that among the various kinds of explosives, bombs, &c., always choose the one that will be most easily used and most practical, remembering always that it is better to do a little thing well than to leave a big thing half done.' "

The book had a list of tools used in bomb-making, their cost, also a list of the essential chemicals with the warning not to buy all them in the same place. There was a description of the process of making nitroglycerine, with the hint that "it would be a great work if some American manufacturer would devise some means of congealing it so that it would be less sensitive to shock, so that it might safely be carried on the railways."

The book tells how to make all the different kinds of fuses and how to regulate the length of time they will burn. Among others mentioned is the instantaneous fuse which, "because it will burn with all the speed of electricity . . . may be made to serve many important purposes: to fire a mine under a passing train, under gatherings or troops of cavalry.

"If the bomber wished to blow up a wall," the Inspector recalls, "he was told how to compute by simple mathematics the quantity of explosive required. A bridge 'will require twice the charge needed for a wall'—and the vulnerable points of the bridge were indicated. Telephone and telegraph poles and wires, street gratings, street railways, locomotives, steam boilers, all came in for their share of attention.

"There are probably other copies from the same press in the hands of accredited bomb-throwers," concludes the account.

Perhaps, just here, it is apposite to quote another recollection of Inspector Tunney's. Before Leon Trotsky sailed for Russia a farewell meeting in his honor was held March 26, 1917, in the Harlem River Casino under the auspices of the German Socialist Federation. This was the Bolshevik leader's parting advice to his New York friends: "You who stay here must work hand in hand with the revolution in Russia, for only in that way can you accomplish revolution in the United States."

They heard—and apparently with them "to hear is to obey!"

AN AUTHORESS AT NINE.

A ten thousand-word novel by a girl of nine is being published by an English firm. The authoress, Daisy Ashford, is the daughter of a war official, and she was "discovered" by Sir J. M. Barrie.

How Greenland Was Explored

THE first explorer to attain the northern coast of Greenland was Commander, now Admiral, Robert E. Peary, who accomplished that feat nineteen years ago to-day. It was about thirty-three years ago that Peary began his explorations in that vast island, a large part of which has been terra incognita since its discovery by the Icelander, Gunnbjorn, in the ninth century. In 1886 Peary made a reconnaissance of the Greenland inland ice-cap east of Disco Bay. In 1891 he led another expedition to the northeast angle of Greenland, and discovered and named Melville Land and Heilprin Land, lying beyond Greenland. He determined the insularity of Greenland, for which he received medals from American, British and Scottish geographical societies. In 1898 he headed another expedition and in 1900 rounded the northern extremity of Greenland Archipelago, the last of the great Arctic land groups, and named the northern cape after Morris K. Jesup, while the name of Peary Land has been given by geographers to a vast expanse of northern Greenland which Peary was the first to traverse. The interior of Greenland was first crossed from east to west by Mansen in 1888. Greenland, which belongs to Denmark, has an area of 46,700 square miles, but supports a population of only 11,900, chiefly Eskimos.

ADMINISTERS RADIUM.

An inventor has patented a device for automatically administering the correct amount of radium treatment over any area desired.

The Veils You'll Wear This Fall

First Showing of These Advance Styles Right From Paris

LARGE FILET MESH VEIL BROWN, WITH DEEP RAMAGE BORDER IN BLACK.

SQUARE GRAY VEIL IN NOVELTY MESH; HEM ORNAMENTED WITH BLUE WOODEN BEADS.

FASHION CAMERA CO. PHOTOS.

WIDE DRAPED VEIL IN BROWN TULLE AND BLACK HEXAGONAL MESH NET.

THE STORY of N. Y. SQUARES

The Battery

By Eleanor Clapp

THE north side of Battery Park was once the most fashionable neighborhood in New York. If you don't believe this go and look at the house at No. 7 State Street with its columned front. It is now the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, but it was built in 1806 by Moses Rogers, a wealthy merchant and vestryman of the fashionable church of the day, Trinity.

Right next it was the home of John Morton, whom the English called the "Rebel Banker" because he lent all the money he could lay his hands on to the Continental Congress for the support of the soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

When these houses were built they were very near the water, for the greater part of the Battery is made land. At that time there was no sea wall, and the strip of grass, less than 300 feet wide, ended in a low bluff but a few feet high where a little later, to keep children from tumbling into the water, there was erected a common board fence. The tide came nearly to State Street on the south, while Pearl Street followed the bank of the East River and on the west side Greenwich Street was the high water mark.

The Battery takes its name from a battery of guns placed by the English at the rear of the old Dutch fort that fronted on Bowling Green, where the Custom House now stands. Gov. Fletcher remembered how easily New Amsterdam was taken, chiefly because the fort had no guns pointing out over the water, and he put these guns in position because he feared the coming of a French fleet, as France and England were then at war. But the fleet never came and the battery was taken down without firing a shot at an enemy, at about the time the fort was demolished, in 1787.

In 1807 the young republic asked the city for a tiny rocky islet that lay more than two hundred feet off shore southwest of the Battery, and here in 1811, when the trouble with England that culminated in the War of 1812 was brewing, a tiny circular fort was built that mounted twenty-eight guns. This was connected with the shore by a ramp in which was a drawbridge. It was at first called the Southwest Battery, but was afterward named Fort Clinton, in honor of Gov. De Witt Clinton. In 1822 the guard was withdrawn from the fort and the military headquarters transferred to Governor's Island, so called because originally the property of the Dutch Governor, Wouter Van Twiller. It was under the English set aside for the benefit of the Royal Governors.

When Fort Clinton was given to the city it was rechristened Castle Garden and was used for all sorts of great entertainments. Here, in 1824, a big public reception was given to Gen. Lafayette, who came over from France to revisit Washington and the country he had aided during the war. Eleven years later there was another momentous gathering here to witness Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, give a demonstration of his control of the electric current on wires strung around the hall. But the greatest furore of all was created when Jenny Lind appeared here in 1850, under the management of P. T. Barnum.

Until the building of the Academy of Music in 1854, Castle Garden was used as an opera house, and here the two famous Italian songsters of the period, Grisi and Mario, first appeared.

In 1855 Castle Garden was again taken over by the Government to be used as an immigrant depot, and during the next thirty-five years millions of our foreign-born citizens entered the United States through its portals. In 1890 the immigrant Bureau was removed to Ellis Island, and in 1896, after many postponements, Castle Garden was opened as an aquarium and now harbors one of the finest collections of fish in the world.

IN TOPSYTURVY LAND.

A dustman and his family are installed in the Budapest town house of a former Hungarian Prime Minister, under the new Soviet housing regulations.

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

The Insuppressible Tattler.

INTIMACY exposes the heel of every Achilles.

Familiarity rubs away the varnish (frequently revealing the stain) and discovers that if the richest soil grows the most golden wheat it also shows its due quota of weeds.

The best of men are at best but men. To their wives and to their valets few men are heroes. Underpaid and overworked employees could tell startling tales about widely advertised and loudly self-touted philanthropists, so-called.

Propinquity is a powerful microscope and penetrating X-ray, while proximity is an argus-eyed observer and ferreter. You can fool the outsiders sometimes—the insiders seldom. Most unexpectedly cats come out of bags and games go up.

You can't pull the wool over the eyes of your close associate, neither can you bamboozle the boss. You may camouflage the public, but you can't camouflage your constant cronies. By delivering the gab you may gain a good job. To retain it you'll have to deliver the goods.

If you're inclined that way, tell your guests the stuff is sterling. But when they get near enough it will be clear enough it's plate—also the owner.

Cramped quarters betray the Mr. Hyde in the Dr. Jekyll and lies die under the keen and accurate blad of contiguity. Or, as popular parlance puts it, "You never know a man till you've lived with him." Intimacy is the insuppressible tattler.

"DULL" DAYS AHEAD.

Owing to the practice of passengers removing the leather window straps for razor strops, British railroads are replacing these fittings with soft canvas straps.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1919

What to Do Until The Doctor Comes

By Charlotte C. West, M. D.

Series of Articles Written Especially for The Evening World—Cut Out and Save in Your Home.

ORDINARY WOUNDS

WHEREVER human beings foregather, in workshop or home, there is danger to life from such wounds as are caused by tools, razor cuts, sharp files, knives and the like. A clean cut may inflict a serious injury because of the copious bleeding induced, while a lacerated wound, such as results from a dull instrument, nail, stone and so on, may become dangerous from the infection carried into it. Again punctured wounds inflicted by splinters, fish hooks and so on, are important because fragments may remain imbedded in the tissues and cause local or general blood poisoning.

Because persons differ so tremendously in their susceptibility to infection, every wound that penetrates the skin, no matter how trifling, should receive immediate attention. All foreign matter that can be reached without effort must be removed. Fish-hooks and similar objects may require active interference; if a physician cannot be reached, heroic measures must be resorted to, either forcibly pulling the hook out, or enlarging the wound with a sharp knife that has been plunged in boiling water and rendered sterile; in this heroic manner a dull, ragged wound is transformed into a comparatively clean, freely bleeding one; it must be remembered that a wound which bleeds freely antisepticises itself, as it were, because the blood of healthy individuals contains antibactericidal properties.

Now, it has been known from time immemorial that salt water will heal wounds. This fact was resurrected during the late war by naval surgeons, and clean sea water employed upon injuries of the first magnitude with astonishing success. It is well to bear this in mind when remote from medical help. Sea salt water is rendered sterile by boiling. Ordinary salt water is made by adding clean table salt to boiling water. Physiological salt solution consists of one teaspoonful of salt to one pint of boiling water. It is sufficient to cleanse an ordinary wound thoroughly with the solution and protect it with an antiseptic dressing. Carbolized zinc ointment or vaseline answers nicely, or in lieu of these, the modern "antiseptic poultice" can be improvised at a moment's notice and employed until a doctor is reached.

This consists of (first) a compress of sterilized gauze soaked in salt water; (second) over the compress place a layer—one inch thick—of clean absorbent cotton wrung in the salt water; (third) upon this use a compress of soft dry cotton, and last cover the entire dressing with clean paraffin or waxed paper—an excellent and cheap substitute for oiled muslin, oiled silk and thin rubber tissue. Confine all by a firm bandage of suitable length and width.

In applying dressings to a wound the object is solely to exclude bacteria, not air. It is bad practice to bandage the parts so closely that they are entirely impervious to the air; this is especially the case when strong solutions of phenol sodique and other antiseptics are employed. The circulation is interfered with and the tissues thus rendered bloodless are more liable to the action of strong poisons. A sloughing wound with considerable local destruction of tissue is apt to follow carelessness of too zealous treatment of this kind.

Remember: Always bandage lightly when using strong antiseptics.

A Kind Word for the Bartender, The Great American Optimist

Always There With a Smile and a Willing Ear to Welcome the Stranger or Cheer the Regular Patron—Everybody's Friend, a Tonic, a Raconteur—An All-Around Good Fellow Millions Will Sadly Miss.

THE passing of the bartender with the coming of Prohibition and the abolition of the mahogany and the brass rail is declared by Dr. L. Clarke Pierce to be little short of a social menace. Dr. Pierce is a well known nerve specialist, consulting neurologist of the Manhattan State Hospital and a past President of the New York Neurological Association. It was at the closing session of the latter at Atlantic City that he said:

"The bartender is the strongest reason for the power of the saloon. He is generally a good fellow, far better educated as a rule than his patron, and he is a good man to talk to. The loss of this genial fellow will be felt by multitudes of light tipplers throughout the country."

Who doesn't know the man the doctor is talking about? What man who in his lifetime has poised on the brass rail and toyed with a fizz in the morning, the froth at noon and the appetizer at eventide hasn't had his favorite bartender?

The mixologist has long been an institution in this country from Manhattan to Montana, from the Bowery to the Barbary Coast. He's the real mixer who makes the stranger in the city feel immediately at home. He's an optimist, always there with a smile, a merry quip, a bright line, a willing ear, the latest news or a good story. He's a tonic, a bracer, the best doctor ever, an encyclopaedia on passing events, an authority on sports and politics; calls the leader of the district by his first name, knows the cop on the beat and has an elbow acquaintance with the captain. He knows what you need after a hard night and his art in mixing it makes the sun shine brighter before it's fairly lit in the sky.

And the babble of his light persiflage across the bar is better than a bale of drugs or a box of pills. He used to discuss Billy Sunday without bitterness. The real bartender never said anything worse about Billy than that he wished he had his job. But he can run the gamut of the conversational alley from baseball to Bolshevism.

And when the genial, smiling, white-aproned dispenser of nectar suggests "this with the house" there is a tone of hospitality about the invitation that fades the gifts of the Rockefeller Foundation.

To be sure there's the "tough guy" on Tenth Avenue and the bung-starter barkeep of the Bowery. But they have to be "tough" to keep the wolf from the door. The man who goes into a saloon with the idea of a "rough-house" usually has the idea carried out for him to his entire satisfaction. He would probably find the same thing in a Sunday school class or in the police station.

The optimism of the real barkeep can't be smothered even under the wave of prohibition. When you ask him what he's going to do after the first of July he comes back with a smile and

"What are YOU going to do after the first of July?"

"Lots of men," said Dr. Pierce in his address, "went into saloons to get away from being preached to at home about their shortcomings. The real problem of the saloon was being automatically solved by the promotion of moderate drinking as a virtue and the introduction of healthy activities, so that sedentary drinking would be discouraged."

Single-handed drinking has been encouraged again by the prohibitionists in the high price of booze. And it is there where the genial bartender takes the place of erstwhile companions. A smile, a bright line, a kind word, a good story seasons a drink and sends a man home to his family in the merriest of moods.

But there's going to be thousands of bartenders out of jobs if nothing happens before the first of July, and what they are going to do is a question of no idle moment. Once, over in the 14th Ward of Brooklyn, in Pat McCarren's old Williamsburg district, they nominated George A. Owens, a bartender, for the Senate for a joke against McCarren's man. McCarren thought the joke was so good that he declared he would back Owens. The latter never made a speech, nor put up a cent and was elected hands down. But that was twenty years ago.

"I should like to see the saloon transformed into a social centre," says Dr. Pierce, "with a somewhat higher atmosphere to be sure. I do not want to see the passing of the genial bartender."

America's First Newspaper

THE first real newspaper, continuously printed, in America was the Boston News Letter, of which the initial number was published 215 years ago. A single number of a journal called Publick Occurrences, Foreign and Domestick, had been printed a little over thirteen years before; but, like many of its successors, its first number was also its last. John Campbell was the entire staff of the News Letter, from managing editor to printer's "devil." The publication lasted seventy-two years and its circulation remained steady at about 300 copies [illegible]